

# LAURA BIGGAR SAYS SHE IS HAPPY IN PRISON CELL.

The Actress Who Is Accused of Conspiracy, Who Calls Herself Millionaire Henry M. Bennett's Widow, Relates Her Experiences to The Evening World in Freehold Jail—She Laughingly Tells of Shock She Gave Sheriff When She Presented Herself and Asked to Be Locked Up.

The following exclusive interview has been granted to The Evening World by Laura Biggar-Bennett, accused of conspiracy in connection with the fight over the will of Millionaire Henry M. Bennett.

(Special to The Evening World.)

FREEHOLD, N. J., Nov. 5.—"I'm glad to see you, even if I can't open the door," said Laura Biggar, an Evening World reporter, as she stretched a white hand through the bars of her cell in the Freehold County Jail.

The pall of prison has settled lightly upon the former actress, and if it is possible to judge from a laughing and open countenance as to one's mental condition, Laura Biggar is anything but nervous over her voluntary incarceration.

"The whole proceeding was too funny for anything," said Miss Biggar, laughing. "Why, they acted perfectly killing when I appeared here and asked to be locked up."

"The Sheriff had no warrant and there was a great commotion. After waiting patiently for a long time I at last got the arm of the law into action, and here I am."

Miss Biggar laughed as though she considered the whole affair the most amusing thing in the world. Clad in a black silk, Laura Biggar-Bennett, as she is entered on the jail records, looks the picture of peace.

**Surrendered to Save Trouble.** Around her neck was a lace scarf pinned with a diamond brooch, which she fondled from time to time during her smiling conversation.

"Of course I won't feel nervous over my position," she said, "for if I had any doubts as to the outcome of this affair I should never have given myself up. There was no necessity of my coming here, but I learned on Saturday night that an indictment was in progress, so I promptly came here to save trouble."

"Of course, my remaining here now is merely a matter of principle on my part. I have had several offers of bail, and only this morning received a telegram from a friend in New York begging me to let him forward bail. I promptly refused. Not that I like being in jail," she laughingly asserted, "though it is nice to have a little rest; but I will remain here until Dr. Hendricks and Justice of the Peace Stanton are furnished with bail."

Miss Biggar's lips formed a determined line.

"It's all three of us or none," she said decidedly. "We can get bail for Dr. Hendricks, but the trouble has been in getting \$10,000 bail for Mr. Stanton."

The woman charged with the crime of conspiracy in gaining possession of the will and estate of Millionaire Bennett is loyal to her alleged accomplices and will not allow the affair to move without the treatment of the former Justice and doctor who certified to her marriage to Mr. Bennett and to the birth of the son.

**She Expects Vindication.**

"No, I wouldn't undo a single thing. Would I go back and accept the original settlement and avoid this trouble? Indeed not. Why, I am not nervous about this. Why should I be? I am Mr. Bennett's wife and at the trial everything will come out to vindicate me. I cannot discuss the case, but I will say that my mind is not clouded by a single doubt as to the future. I have been wronged by these trumped up charges, but it will not take long to prove my total innocence of the charge of conspiracy and my valid right in claiming what is due me."

"It doesn't seem that there had been a great deal of anxiety on the part of the law to find me. Why, I have been living openly at No. 119 East Thirty-third street in a flat. I would often go shopping, and in no way did I try to conceal my identity. I believe, though, that a couple of female sleuths did try to run me to earth," she continued with a laugh.

"Two women in the flat opposite me were continually watching me and almost every time I would glance out of the windows I would see a pair of eyes staring from behind the curtains of the flat opposite. They thought they were very crafty."

"One day when I went to drive these women tore frantically down the street evidently in search of a cab. They thought I was trying to escape, and if I had been my female detectives would have lost their job."

**Good Write a Good Story.**

"When I returned that night they were standing on the opposite step and I have no doubt signed a sign of relief that the 'awful conspirator'—and Miss Biggar smiled—"had not flown."

On a table in her cell sat a tray with the remnants of lunch, and judging from it, it was quite evident Miss Biggar's incarceration had not affected her appetite.

Miss Biggar's countenance, with its smooth, pink and white complexion, showed the placidity of a baby's face.

"It seems funny, doesn't it," she asked, laughing, "that a woman should want to be locked up? Now, if only I were a reporter what a good story I could write of my experiences behind the bars. I have had many and varied experiences in my life, but this certainly is something for originality."

In an hour more anxious for the



LAURA BIGGAR.

trial than I am. I can scarcely wait for it; I will then have the opportunity of proving my position. I am the wife of Mr. Bennett and my claims should be recognized. Just wait till the trial and then you will see," she continued with a confident smile.

Happy and jovial as Laura Biggar appears to be in her new role of a jail inmate, she has her thoughtful moments of rest. With her in her cell are the works of Milton, Emerson, Goethe and Shakespeare.

"Oh, it is good to read in quietude," she sighed with the tone of a woman who found jail life a relief from the hurry of the outside world. "I read a great deal, and with my Emerson I spend many hours."

The woman who can laugh at her voluntary incarceration and can look into the future with smiling eyes, has either a perfect confidence in her own powers and prospects, or else she is again the clever actress of her former career.

**Will Win in the End.** "I had to fight to get in here," she said laughingly. "I have to fight for my rights, but I will win out in the end. If I were guilty, it is not probable that I would give myself up, or is it probable that I would be so unburdened by care. You can simply say if any one asks you," she continued, "that Laura Biggar is enjoying herself; that she is happy in the thought of future vindication."

"I'll say good-by for awhile, and the next time we meet it will not be in the Freehold jail. When we meet again I will be the world-recognized Mrs. Bennett and all my claims will be allowed."

Laura Biggar waved her hand through the prison bars, and her smile was full of confidence and trust in the future.

## Dies of Fall from Wagon.

Stephen May, sixty years old, of One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street and Fourth avenue, fell from a wagon on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Eighth avenue last night. He received severe wounds and was taken to J. Hood Wright Hospital, where he died at 6 o'clock this morning.

## LAME BACK? CLOUDY URINE? WEAK, UNHEALTHY KIDNEYS

Indicate Your Kidneys Are Diseased. Test Your Urine and Find Out. Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney and Bladder Disease Do Not Know Until It Is Too Late.

A TRIAL BOTTLE OF WARNER'S SAFE CURE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST KIDNEY CURE, SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE, POSTPAID, TO EVERY READER OF THE EVENING WORLD.

If you have pains in your back, if your urine is discolored or you have pain while passing it, TEST YOUR KIDNEYS. Put some morning urine in a glass or bottle, let it stand a few minutes. If it is cloudy or contains a reddish sediment, or if particles or germs float about in it, your kidneys are diseased. If, after you have made this test, you have any doubt in your mind as to the condition of the disease, send us a sample of your urine, and our doctors will analyze it and send you a report with advice free.

Mr. W. C. Brent, of 121 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md., who has a serious case of kidney and bladder trouble, says: "I was almost exhausted with excruciating pains in my back. I had inflammation of the bladder and urinary organs; nothing seemed to give me relief until I used Warner's Safe Cure. I sent for a free trial bottle. It did me so much good I bought a large bottle. When I had taken it every one noticed the difference in my appearance and I felt like a new man. Safe Cure cured my bladder and urinary troubles and healed my kidneys, the source of the trouble. I cannot say too much in praise of Warner's Safe Cure, which is a blessing to those afflicted with unhealthy kidneys and bladder."

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is prescribed and used by doctors as the only absolute cure for the diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood. It will cure any case, it matters not how serious, if taken in time. It has cured thousands of cases.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE is a powerful, yet gentle and safe, and a speedy cure. When all other medicines failed, the free trial has been known to cure many cases where the disease was in the early stages of the disease. Warner's Safe Cure is purely vegetable; it contains no narcotic or harmful drug found in many so-called cures. It is free from sediment and pleasant to take. (Beware of so-called kidney cures full of sediment and of bad odor; they are positively harmful and do not cure.) You can buy Warner's Safe Cure at your druggist's or direct. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. REFUSE IMITATIONS. There is no "just as good" as Warner's. Insist on the genuine, which always cures. Substitutes contain harmful drugs which injure the system.

## SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.

To convince every sufferer from disease of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood that Warner's Safe Cure will cure them a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, postpaid. Also a sample bottle of Warner's Safe Pills, a valuable medical booklet which tells all about the diseases of the kidneys, liver and bladder, with a prescription for each disease, and many of the thousands of testimonials received daily from grateful patients who have been cured by Warner's Safe Cure. All you have to do is to write Warner's Safe Cure Company, Rochester, N. Y., and mention having read this liberal offer in the Evening World. The convenience of this offer is fully guaranteed.

## DUSE ACTS LIKE "A REAL WOMAN"

Kate Carew Finds the Italian Player and Her Leading Man Truer to Nature Than Our American Theatians.

AND SHE IS MODEST, TOO.

In D'Annunzio's "La Gioconda" the Star Does Not Monopolize the Limelight Like Some Who Could Be Mentioned.

It might have been an audience in Rome or Florence—proud, dark faces of the sons of the Caesars, with a sprinkling of American globe-trotters—for it was Duse's first night at the Victoria Theatre.

Rome or Florence, ladies and gentlemen, save for the muffled beat of the tin horns outside and the measured accents of a youth near at hand, proclaim-

ing in a tongue strange to the Caesars: "Bookofftheplay! Soovyacar and life of Doozy!"

Alas, poor Doozy! And would that the soovyneer had been soovyfar, far away! I saw eagle heads of some turned with loathing on that youth, but not all the helpful fire kindled by ancient vendettas could seal his rash lips on the theme of Doozy and the soovyneer.

Without entering into the dread question of whether Duse is greater than Bernhardt let me record the discovery that she differs from—ahem!—from Miss Lila Glasser and Mrs. Fitzxxrk Cxxxbxl in one striking particular, which is that she doesn't quarrel with her leading man over the calcium problem.

There may be other points of dissimilarity between Duse and the distinguished ladies indicated above, but that one will do for the present. The Duse road to greatness is not paved with the quivering forms of suppressed leading men.

Why, Duse's leading man has all the privileges of a grown-up person, and Duse thinks nothing of standing with her careworn smile away back in the shadow for five minutes at a stretch, while he shows the audience how well he can act all by his lonesome.

And CAN he act? Oh, my! I do wish he would stay with us and open a school of acting for Jxxn Dxxw, Wxxlxxm Fxxxxxxm, Jxxxx K. Hxxxxit and the rest of our tailor-made divinites! Only they would have to forget all they ever knew about acting before they could learn anything from him—and I know they would not like that.

When Duse and Rosaspina play a scene together they make you feel that you are cavorting. You have to right to be there, sir and madam. It is a private matter that does not concern the Quaker grain—before it starts for the mill.

In "La Gioconda" they are husband and wife, which makes it especially embarrassing. One hates one's self for pry-

ing upon domestic scenes—particularly when the husband kneels at his wife's feet and cries and tells her what a good fellow she has been to him, and when she smoothes him and blindly dabbles with joy—all this when YOU, madam, who have read the bookofftheplay, soovyneer and life of Doozy, know full well that in his heart he still loves the lady in black with the fancy shawl, and that he'll go back to her in the last act as sure as beans are beans!

You see, the awkward part of it is that they don't look or talk or dress or make up like actors and actresses—that is, not like our own actors and actresses. They are like real people, living in a real house, with real butchers' bills to settle, a real gas meter to keep tabs on, and real joys and sorrows of their own.

And the mere fact that they speak a foreign language does not help you in the least. Even if you don't understand Italian you can't mistake the drift of those domestic confidences, and you feel that you really ought to apologize for being there.

"La Gioconda," one of the plays that the gay and gallant D'Annunzio wrote for his Doozy, is exceedingly dismal. There's nothing gay and Fitchy about it. It's all heart to heart. Nobody does things on the stage. Even the famous incident of the wife saving the statue when the angry lady with the fancy shawl knocks it down, happens out of sight, and there's not half as much maiming of the wife's beautiful hands as there is in the locomotive of "The Ninety and Nine."

In fact—one ought to confess it, perhaps, but—well, between you and me, one could appreciate one's first dose of Duse better if it were administered in the dramatic ginger-ale of "somethin' doin'."

KATE CAREW.

## Boy Drowned on Boat.

HACKENSACK, N. J., Nov. 5.—Three boys secured boats and started to row up the Hackensack River. The swell from a passing tug upset one of the boats and Fred Mueller, seven-year-old son of a baker here, was drowned. His body was recovered.

## Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders move and regulate the Bowels, and Destroy Worms. Mrs. Emily Maronn, Meriden, Conn., says: "It is the best medicine in the world for children when feverish and complaining." Sold by all druggists or by mail, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Father John's Medicine

Cures colds, prevents pneumonia and consumption. It is guaranteed; the money is refunded for any throat or lung trouble it cannot cure. No morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs—not a patent medicine.

Business success depends upon energy, ability—and Sunday, World Wants.

## A Talk With The Ladies

Everything here in Suits, Skirts, Shoes, Waists, Trimmed Hats, Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, etc., brimming with beauty and style and not burdened with high prices.

## OPEN AN ACCOUNT

And pay for your purchases in small, convenient sums. Tailor-Made Suits, \$12.75 to \$30.00

Trimmed Hats, \$4.98 to \$20.00. Fine Jackets, \$7.98 to \$25.00.

Fine Wearing Apparel for Men and Boys. OPEN EVENINGS.

Caesar Mich CASH OR CREDIT Operator of Ten Stores.

19 E. 14th St., bet. B'way & 5th Ave.

## The Way to Win

is the

World Want Way.

# Step by Step

**GRAIN DIFFERENCE**

The Quaker quality of grain is not easy to find. To supply the needs of the Quaker mills we must search the country far and wide. We watch where the good oats grow. For even as it grows the difference begins. Sun may shrivel—or too much rain spoil the crop. But where the crop is best, we are there to choose the best of the best with difference in the Quaker grain—before it starts for the mill. This is only the first difference in Quaker OATS. Best grain.

Costs you no more than oats which are not as wholesome, and which have not been milled as carefully. Quaker Oats is just as easy to buy. You have only to say "Quaker" distinctly.

**MILLING DIFFERENCE**

After we buy the best, each single grain is cleaned and judged separately by machinery. The machine leaves nothing to chance. Thin and woody, flat and flavorless, are thrown out. Here is a difference of time, care and thoroughness. The great that is good enough to pass this test is indeed different from other grain. It begins to have a right to the name of Quaker OATS. Best of the Best.

Costs you no more than oats which are not as wholesome, and which have not been milled as carefully and expensively. Quaker Oats is just as easy to buy. You have only to say "Quaker" distinctly.

**FLAVOR DIFFERENCE**

Pan-roasting is where most millers save time. Their oats are Rush-milled—for the profit's sake. Quaker Oats is milled with patience—for the quality's sake. But slow and costly as it is, there is profit in it—profit of quality, not the profit of cheapness. The patient Quaker pan-roasting brings out the nut oil of the oats and toasts it to that rich "different" flavor, by which you know Quaker OATS. Best roasted.

Costs you no more than oats which are not as wholesome, and which have not been milled as carefully and expensively. Quaker Oats is just as easy to buy. You have only to say "Quaker" distinctly.

# We Prove Our Point

**FRESHNESS DIFFERENCE**

Quaker patience does things thoroughly. Careful in the choosing of the grain—slow in the manufacture. But when packages are sealed no time is lost. It is packages into cases—cases into cars—and the cars away, the same day, for all parts of the country. Quaker Oats sells so fast that the dealer's stock is fresh. This means much for purity. No other food comes from the mill to your table so fast and fresh as Quaker OATS. Best for freshness.

Costs you no more than oats which are not as wholesome, and which have not been milled as carefully and expensively. Quaker Oats is just as easy to buy. You have only to say "Quaker" distinctly.

**PACKING DIFFERENCE**

Hot and fragrant from the rolls, Quaker Oats goes straight into the package—shut tight, sealed safe—hermetically. The Quaker carton costs about half as much again as the box that gives the pasteboard flavor to most cereals. After spending so much care on the quality and purity of Quaker Oats, we could not let our work be spoiled for the sake of cheap packing. The costly Quaker packing makes another difference in Quaker OATS. Best packing.

Costs you no more than oats which are not as wholesome, and which have not been milled as carefully and expensively. Quaker Oats is just as easy to buy. You have only to say "Quaker" distinctly.

**DIFFERENCE IN THE PLATE**

From the field to your breakfast table, the story of Quaker OATS.